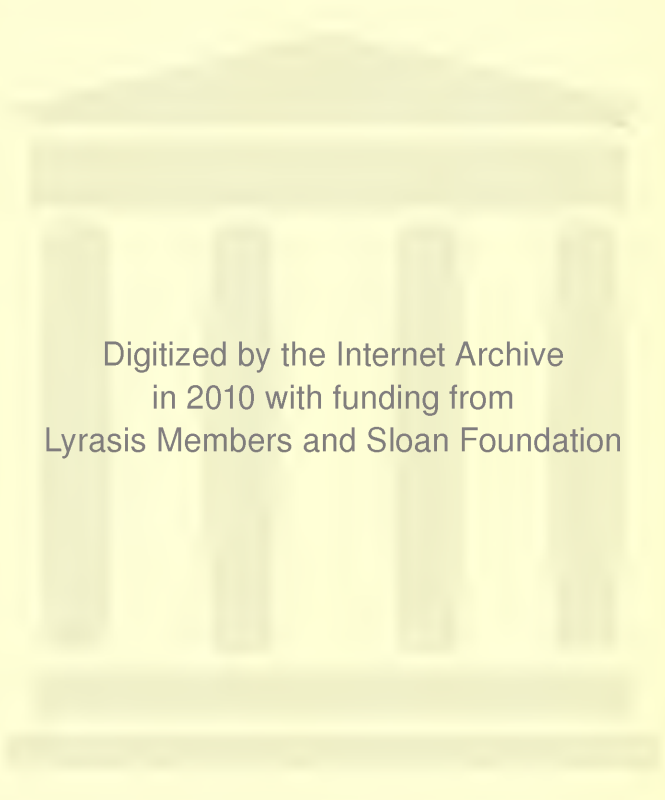


The Focus

Alumnae Number

Sept. 1915

State Normal School
Farmville, Virginia



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**Did not return to school.*

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B. D. Smith & Bros., Printers

Pulaski, Virginia

THE FOCUS

VOL. V FARMVILLE, VA., SEPTEMBER, 1915 NO. 5

Summer is Passing

Rosamond Juanita Manning, '14



SUMMER is dying—

The drowsy air is hevy with the flower's breth,
The flowers, ful blown, ar lingering for their com-
ing deth.

The myriad insect world is old;
The birds to southward fly;
The great strong woods ar sighing lo—
Sweet summer soon wil die.

Summer is dying—

The skies ar ful of heavy clouds that hide the
sun's rays,
And night steals on and takes a part of summer's
long, clear days;

The sea groes purple in their light—
It sleeps beneath the wave,
And, sadly, moans a requiem
O'er dying summer's grave.

Summer is dying—

The earth and sky and sea, imperial in despair,
Neel in their royal robes each other's grief to
share.

Sweet Summer leaves a farewel kis
Of gold upon each hed,
Then softly sleeps in Autumn's arms—
Sweet Summer now is ded,

Democracy in the Normal School

(Valedictory of the Class of 1915.)

Beulah Scott

IN THESE LAST DAYS of our life at the Normal School our minds naturally are filled with memories of the myriad experiences of school life—memories of days of joy and sorrows, of laughter and of tears. As we reflect the question comes, "What in our life, our environment here, has meant the most to us?" This is hard to determine. As prospective teachers we have to view our training from that standpoint. Then the answer comes, that as teachers we shall be the instruments of *making* citizens, and that our preparation here has been a profound lesson in the spirit of democracy—a fitting for true citizenship ourselves and for training the future citizens of our republic in the principles of democracy.

We have learned while here that school is not merely a preparation for life, but *life* itself. The present-day colleges and normal schools have the same problems to solve as the state—that of joining democratic organization with executive efficiency.

The method in instruction, used in the classroom, is true to the spirit of democracy. The old-fashioned lecture method of dogmatically "laying down the law," so ^{to} speak, by the instructor is almost unknown here. Deductive teaching has passed away in education with the passing of Toryism in politics. But we are more concerned here with activities outside of the classroom, for student activities are essential to a school founded on these democratic principles.

By way of learning that school life is really life itself, we have had actual practice in living by participation, for instance, in the government of our school. Self-government here has given us courage and confidence in ourselves for assuming the responsibility of training the future citizens of Virginia for self-government.

We hav governd ourselves in a democratic way, each one of us taking part in the Student Association. Our purpose has been to develop personal and individual honor and to further the interest of the scool. The government of the students is on a truly representativ basis. Each clas elects its own representativs and these representativs constitute the executiv committee for the whole organization. Thus the supreme power is retaind by us altho exercized by our representativs. These executivs maintain order during study period and exert their influence and power for the good of the student body; each student practically governs herself, as she is on her honor to report infractions of the scool regulations. Thus she secures freedom and develops her caracter.

Thirty-five years ago this scool was remarkably free from rules as compared with other scools, but if we could put ourselves back in those days we should find, as compared with today, that the students wer ruled with a "rod of iron." In an old catalog we find a regulation which reads, "Communication by word or sign is forbidden during scool hours, except in recess, and also from 8 to 9:30 in the evening period of study." And this was only one among many like rules which old residents say wer strictly enforst. What a privilege we hav had in being permitted to assume civic or political responsibility in our own government!

Democratic spirit pervades all of the student activities. Each is a preparation for some form of participation in the life of the scool community.

In contributing to and working for our annual, *The Virginian*, and our monthly magazine, *The Focus*, we had a common interest at hart and we learnd to be loyal to our scool. Thru contributions to the student publications many of us hav influenced and helped to bring about in the scool the enactment of certain rules in much the same way that leaders in public life in America accomplish reform thru the public press.

Then again, in the religius life of the scool, as organized in the Young Women's Christian Association, we have all had the privilege of voluntary participation. Each member has made an activ contribution to the spiritual growth

of the school community. All the organizations just mentioned and many others, such as Literary Societies and Clubs, are mainly for our own benefit and the development of the institution. The Normal League, on the other hand, stands for the principle of helpfulness to others, an absolutely essential principle in the highest type of democracy. For without mutual helpfulness among its members, democracy becomes mere self-seeking individualism. By voluntary contributions to the Normal League our students make it possible for many girls to attend our school who would otherwise be unable to do so.

Thus by taking part in the various school activities, we have received far more at the normal than mere training as teachers. Ideals have been set up for us to follow, ideals of service and of individual life, which will make it impossible for us to live in idleness and ease without making every effort in our power to help those around us, because we have learned to do these things is to live.

Dr. Richard C. Cabot, in "What Men Live By," shows that democracy, in the higher conception, touches every activity, that "the interplay of work, play, love and worship is the end of life," that democracy is the fruit of the life and liberty which are guaranteed under our constitution, that it is the end of all education and all moral training.

What shall we do in return for the many privileges which we have enjoyed here? We have come to feel that we are truly a part of the State and we are thankful for the opportunity the State has given us of preparing ourselves for service. It is our duty as teachers to do everything within our power to have the State reach the proper conception of the right kind of citizenship.

We shall accomplish this only by conforming to the high standards of democracy set for us here, by faithfully performing all of our duties, by being considerate of others and serving humanity and by exerting all the good influence we can day by day.

We must co-operate with the community in which we are teaching and make its interests ours. When opportunities come for promoting the welfare of our school and community, may we do our very best, and keep up the record

which has been made by those who have gone out before us.

One of the graduates from this institution completely changed the mental atmosphere of her school by interesting her pupils in certain common projects, as organizing an athletic association and by buying pictures for the room. At first the pupils showed an ugly spirit. They did admirable team work to make the teacher's life unbearable. How much better for all when they caught the higher vision of democracy and co-operated for the general good!

We are glad that this is Alumnae year, glad that these women who have been out doing this work have so much of this school spirit that they want to come back. For it is only by keeping this common interest at heart that we can maintain such a school democracy. It is only by coming in contact with each other that we learn and develop and will thus be enabled to reach the high ideal of schools of the people, controlled by the people and administered for the people.

You, our President and you the Faculty and Home Department, have always held before us high ideals, and have led us toward forming the right kind for ourselves. You have entered into our daily lives and have shown us by your noble example how to serve others and to maintain an exalted purpose in life. We can never repay you except by trying to live as you have lived—the life of service.

And, dear classmates, the debts which we owe our President, the Faculty, the Home Department and our Alma Mater are so firmly fixed in our hearts that we will never cease to carry our standard high. We will always remember the days that we have been together, whether in class, in chapel, on picnics, taking part on the athletic field, or in any place in this dear old school.

We, all of us, are going forth to give to others that which has been given so abundantly to us. May our characters be so developed and our minds so broadened that we may faithfully accomplish any task that comes in our way. No matter how heavy our load may we ever have sufficient courage and faith to stand up under it and may we always keep deep down in our hearts, love, honor, and loyalty for our dear old S. N. S.

Dreams

Carolyn Pope

OFT AT TWILIGHT, in the shadows,
While the clear, pale night-star gleams,
I muse and watch the western halos,
Encompast in a vale of dreams.

The past unfolds, unrolls—discloses
All of youth's sweet dreams again;
And I wonder, looking backward,
Why I e'er dared dream them then.

Fond dreams, the lofty visions
Of a soul carefree, untamed;
And tho now I find them shattered
They hav kept me unashamed.

My ideals, fallen in the dust,
Made me once think dreams in vain,
And dout if mortals always trust
In God—not counting los or gain.

But now I look with clearer vision
With my faith unshaken stil,
For I kno that, tho I've wakend,
Dreams hav bowd me to His wil.

The Urgent Need of Unselfish Service

(Salutatory of the Clas of '15.)

Catherine Hill

IN BEHALF of the Senior Clas of 1915, most hartily I welcome you—Mothers, Fathers, Sisters, Brothers, and Friends—to this our last meeting.

To *you* this may seem just one among thousands of commencement days all over the country, but these exercises mean much to us who ar about to leave our Alma Mater. You see us drest as is the custom on such occasions; you see our flowers and gifts and hear our songs and speeches, but what you do not see is—what we see.

“You hear Youth laughing down green budding aisles,
You glimpse her dancing limbs, her hair of gold,
The carefree sweet defiance of her smiles;
For you are old.

“But I can see her eyes grey with alarm,
Misty with longing that can find no tongue,
The hooded Future clutching at her arm;
For I am young.”

Indeed, to *us* this is the commencement of all commencements, to us it is a commencement in its truest sense. We realize that we ar about to pas out into the “cold, cold world”—and that frase never loomd bigger or darker before us than now. You ar mistaken if you think that we ar always the carefree, thoughtless girls that we may seem. Each of us has a definit idea of her duties for the future, and every imaginable hardship and obstacle has presented itself to us, it seems; and you may be sure we hav not always been too brave in meeting them, even in imagination. Unselfishly and abundantly hav our instructors pourd out their lives—their thoughts, their time, themselves,

for us, and now that it has come our turn to serv others in a like manner, we grope to adjust ourselves to this new situation.

A year ago one of our commencement speakers spoke from this platform on the subject: "The Joy of Unselfish Servis." Today it is not so much the joy of servis that we think of as it is the *urgent need* of it. For never in the history of the world has there been a time when there was a greater demand for devoted men and women to giv up their lives to the unselfish servis of their fello man.

When we look about us today we see more than half of the world at war—millions of men using their brains and their bodies to destroy their fellomen. And since war news takes the lead in most newspapers and magazines, we kno that even among those who ar not at war that subject is uppermost in their minds. We ask ourselves why this is so, when war in one of the most barbarus things that exist among us today. We might discuss all of the factors which hav had part in making universal war possible and which wil be emphasized in history and stil we might omit one of the biggest of them—what the scools contributed toward it. All over the civiliz-ed world we kno that the children ar in the scool room during the time of most rapid growth of mind as wel as of body. The impressions they receive there and the lessons they learn wil go with them thru life.

In Germany and France the boys and girls hav been trained *in scool for war and not for peace*. Few boys ever enter scool there without a vision of some day being soldiers, for the government has control over the education of its citizens to the extent that comparatively few boys escape the influence of the teaching of militarism. In every subject military affairs are emphasized; and, added to this, every boy is supposed to hav two years of military training. By thus fostering from day to day a hatred against the neighboring cuntries the scools hav kept the minds of the people preparad not for peace but for war. Could anything be expected to happen, but what is now happening?

Since schools have been so powerful in bringing about war, we have a perfect right to think that they can be made to contribute as much toward making and keeping peace. And, yet, even in our own peace-loving country among the first things that the pupils learn are stories of the great military leaders. This is the beginning of their study of history which should rather be broad and inclusive. And the sad thing about it all is that military affairs compose more than half of the study of history throughout the course, and history touches the heart of every other subject. We have claimed that a study of war heroes and wars makes our students patriotic; but such a one-sided study can only result in one-sided patriotism. The leading place in history should be given to the constructive victories of peace, to the progress of industries, arts, sciences, inventions, religion, education, the progress of society. War should be treated in such a way as to emphasize the cost of it in men, money, suffering, and many other ways. It is evident that it is absolutely necessary that something be done.

As we, the Class of 1915, recognize this truth we become aware that it is *our* duty to put ourselves unselfishly in a way to do all that we can to bring about a real understanding of the meaning of war as a destroying agent and as the cause of untold suffering and of decadence to mankind.

To do this we realize that we must, above all, have our own convictions well in mind and must *know* what we are going to try to do. Changes must be made and we should do well to sit down and make one more lesson plan before leaving the Training School as to how we are going to do our part. You may smile at our *big ideas* of changing things, but neither are they ours nor are they new; for this same conviction has come to thousands of teachers all over this land of ours during the past year and many powerful agencies are at work to transform the attitude of the schools toward war. And, we shall only be following our own convictions that we must do our little part.

Our Alma Mater does not send us out unequipped for the work of pulling down the mighty standards of militarism. On the contrary it is she who has planted in us the ideals toward which we shall strive. She, herself, a State school,

stands as an example of unselfish servis. And, in matters dealing with the relations of nations and races one with another, she stands for the frendship of nations; for the teaching of *internationalism* rather than nationalism; for the cultivation of love of humanity rather than love of only our own people, for the inculcation of race pride without race prejudis. She has exprest herself as decidedly in favor of peace and has offerd her support to the President of our United States at a time when the government was severely criticized for not taking up arms.

While receiving this humanitarian spirit from our Alma Mater we hav also been traind to think for ourselves and to decide such questions independently of the traditional way of dealing with them. And, in leaving we take with us these lessons which we hope to pas on, these ideas which seemingly we hav workt out for ourselves and hope to teach to others, these ideals which shal serv to keep up hope and giv us something toward which to work even when all else seems dark.

"If you attempt to do anything except follow the little path tradition has paved for you," a teacher once said, "you will simply butt your head into a stone wall." But she forgot that even *rock* is composed merely of air and water and if approacht in the proper manner—that is, by applying the proper chemicals to it—insted of butting one's hed against it, it can be reduced to its elements and the barriers will be no more.

The ardent love of humanity and the power to think for ourselves—these ar the chemicals with which we propose to dissolv the rock of militarism. And, not wholly to ourselvs, but to our Alma Mater is due our knoledge of this material and its use. And, if we wish to put *ourselvs* in the background after offering up every atom of devotion that we hav to offer, there is a big chance of accomplishing our purpose. Indeed, there may be an explosion! Probably a mistake has been made and our efforts will be altogether a failure. Yet, dauntless, the slug-horn to our lips we set and with Child Roland blo "Seniors of 1915 to the Dark Tower Came."

What a message Mr. James Oppenheim has sent out to the citizens of the world today:

“Fight darkness with light,
Destruction with creation.
Have cities toppled and ships been sunk?
Build! Build!
Is youth slain?
Beget new children of flesh and of toil:
Beget a new self of splendor—
Have hopes died?
Kindle new ones—
Has man fallen?
You, man, arise!”

His Eternal Plan

Gertrude Welker

OUT INTO THE FIELDS I wanderd,
To the fields and meadows green
Where the myriad diamond dewdrops
Bathed all in silver sheen;
I herd the bird's soft warbling
In swaying tree-tops hid
Or soaring in cloudless blueness
As their glad bird-fancies bid.
In each of these all-perfect parts
I saw the wondrous whole,
I felt a great, eternal peace
Bring calmness to my soul.
And overhed the heavens
And 'neath my feet the sod
Revealed unto my weary hart
The infinit Power of God.

I wanderd to the city
And stood 'mongst men, alone;
I saw the tow'ring buildings,
And myriad lights that shone;
I saw the filth and blackness;
I saw the vice and shame,
But, ah! I saw a something there
That none but God can tame.
My hart gru glad within me,
I felt the call of life,
I herd the cry of battle,
My soul yearnd for the strife;
For oh! the city told me
Of His enternal plan—
I herd and felt and saw and knew
The God-given Power of Man!

Recollections

Ruth Garnett, '13

I WAS UNUSUALLY LATE getting to school this beautiful spring morning. I seemd to forget that I was supposed to be at the Training School by eight-thirty, and so I lingerd on my way, looking about me and thinking only of the wonderful changes Nature had undergon in the last day or two—every tree and shrub in sight had on its “holiday dres.” But when I reacht school I found that every one had gon to chapel and the halls wer perfectly quiet. This brought me to the realization that I was late and so I started on a run for the Training School.

On reaching the Training School hall I found there also a peaceful quiet, but at the First Grade room door I was met, not by Miss Jones, one of the First Grade teachers, but by a maid with broom and dust pan in hand, who said, all in one breath, “Why, missus, ain’t you dun herd ’bout all dese here changes in dis straining school? Everything dun been changed, and what ain’t been changd is been moved to the new bildin’ over thar.”

I was too much excited to wait for her to finish for I rememberd that there had been a rumor about getting in- to the new Training School Bilding some time within the year, but none dared think of getting there this term.

It could not hav taken me more than two minutes to get there—so great was my excitement! But, not only was my excitement increased but great was my surprize to walk in and see, not Mr. Lear, but a really new man in the principal’s place.

“Miss Garnett, I believe?” wer his words, stepping up in front of me, and—without giving me half a chance to answer—“You hav been assignd to the Third Grade. You wil find things rather changed, I presume, but you wil find your supervisor in the clas room who wil giv you all the further information you desire.”

"Where *hav* I seen that man before?" was the question I had to ask myself, for I was sure I *had* seen him somewhere!

Why, of course, he was one of the Richmond College boys who came to S. N. S. with the Glee Club! I could not remember his name, nor did I try to, for I remembered his words "to the Third Grade!" Me? and to the Third Grade? It was impossible! I could not believe my own eyes or ears, for how *could I* teach *anywhere* but in the First Grade or Kindergarten, or any children but those?"

However I hurried on as fast as I could toward the assigned room and who should I meet but Evelyn Turnbull running in my direction.

"Why, how does it happen that you ar so late, Ruth, *this* of all mornings? The girls ar all at supervisors' meetings now. Go in and meet *our* new supervisor—she is just grand. I'l be back in a moment—wait for me."

I did wait! And when she returnd I meekly followd her into the room. By this time I was almost petrified with wonder! So I was not surprized, at all, on not seeing Minnie, Eva, 'Katie,' and the rest of my First Grade "pals" in the room, but instead Ruth, Parke, Fannie, and Etta, none of whom I had taut with before.

The change held my attention for the first few minutes and I had not thought to look to see who was our supervisor, for I supposed, of course, it would be Miss Tillman—who ever thought of the Third Grade without Miss Tillman? But I found that I had stil another surpriz awaiting me. No, it was not Miss Tillman but—would you believe me?—Miss Cawthon!—the very same Miss Cawthon whom every one fel in love with when she visited S. N. S. with the Ladies' Orchestra.

She was not giving little talks on "How to Rite a Lesson Plan" or which of us should be "House-keeper" but she was reciting "That Old Sweetheart of Mine." Her words floed like a streamlet in the springtime, charming every listener, just as they had done when we last herd her.

When she finisht a brethless silence reignd in the room—broken at last by the opening of the door and the appearance of the man I had met on the hall.

"I would like to speak with you a minute before assembly, if I may, Miss Cawthon."

As soon as she had gone I turned to the girl next to me and asked, "Will you please explain all this to me?"

Finally she satisfied my curiosity as well as she was able to. "You old goosie!" she said, laughing, "you know almost as much about it as we do. When the bells ring we are all to gather in the Assembly Hall and then they'll tell us what it all means, and what we are to do. Miss Cawthon—" But just here the bell rang and we all—

I sat up in bed, rubbed my eyes and tried to think. Why, of course, it was the seven-thirty breakfast bell at S. N. S.

The Vision

Rosamond Juanita Manning, '14

UPON A DUSTY ROAD we walked one day,
My child and I;
A slender daisy drooping in the sun
He chanced to spy.

"O, see the pretty, frilly flower!" he cried,
And turned to me,
But tears had filled my eyes and blinded them;
I could not see.

"An angel fairy lives inside the flower,"
He whispered low;
I trembling held more close his little hand,
Afraid he'd go.

I understood the wonder in his eyes
That made me cry;
The wonder-soul of God looked thru to me,
And that is why.

Clothes--The Difference They Make to Charlie

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Betty Randolph—Student at Redwin College.

Polly Bently—Betty's chum and Charlie's cousin.

Caste for girls' play.

Charlie Allen—Student at Graeme College.

Members boy's quartet—Graeme College.

Audience.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

Last part of Colege girl's play in Redwin Assembly Hall—College boys' Glee Club performance comes afterwards. Betty, drest as man in play, is taken for real man by Charlie, and complications follo.

ACT II

Charlie calls on Polly, Polly goes for Betty, whom she desires Charlie to meet, Betty comes in and then—

Time—About 8.30 p. m.

Place—Assembly hall at Redwin. *Audience at R., small rostrun L. C., dressing-room extreme L. (interior visible to audience). Curtain rises on audience watching last part of college girls' play. Scene in play—Devoted Suitor taking leave of girl.*

Devoted Suitor—Oh, how can I leav you!

Father of girl (enters)—Young man, I'v told you once it was time to go. (*Stares at suitor a moment, and then walks out.*)

Devoted Suitor—Goodnight, dearest, I'l be back tomorro.
(*Exit both.*)

(*Girls in play collect in dressing room.*)

Girl who was in play (to Betty who took the part of the Devoted Suitor)—Betty, what hav you done with my fan?

Betty—I must hav left it on the stage. I'l get it. (*Betty goes back on stage and girls disappear from dressing room. Betty starts back and is almost out when she meets several college boys led by Charlie Allen. She tried to slip past.*)

Charlie—Hey there, you lazy chump! What ar you doing trying to get out of work? Come right along here and help move this stuf off the stage. (*Grasps Betty by collar and forces her violently acros stage. She helps move chairs, eying the door meanwhile for chance of escape.*)

Boys' voices (from behind scenes)—Hurry up out there!

Charlie—(*turning to Betty*)—Old boy, you arn't in this squabble either, so come along with your "uncle" to bald hed ro from whence we'l listen to those mocking birds.

Betty—But—

Charlie—(*grasping her firmly by shoulder*)—When chumps like you wil misbehave, moral suasion is the thing, so trot along. (*Betty gasping for breth, is led to extreme left front seat. Charlie pushes her into seat and sits beside her.*)

Quartet—(*appearing singing*)—"There's a hole in the bottom of the sea."

Charlie—(*slapping Betty hartily on shoulder*)—I say, that's prime. Arn't you glad you'r up here insted of gadding around in the dark by yourself?

Quartet—(*sings*)—"Mary had a William Goat," "There was an Old Pan with a Hole in the Middle," "Said the Mon-key to the Owl," "Hang all the Teachers up a Sour Apple Tree." (*Applause at proper intervals. In the meantime, violent chuckles and gesticulations from Charlie, hopeless expressions chasing acros Betty's face. As boys finish and go to front of stage, Charlie stil holding Betty by shoulder springs to his feet and starts toward rostrum. Betty escapes at R. F.*)

Charlie—(*in front of rostrum, to quartet*)—You chaps wer just fine. Wish I could help you felloes blo out, but I prom-ist to see that Kid Polly, my sweet coz, you kno. (*Exit.*)

Curtain.

ACT II

Place—Parlor at Redwin. (*Charlie and Polly seated and carrying on animated conversation.*)

Polly—Charlie, the boys certainly did sing wel. Who was the second one from the end? He's awfully good looking.

Charlie—To the mischief with his good looks, Polly.

He's the biggest idiot I kno. I say, who was that weak looking chap with the fuzz on his face?

Polly—Fuzz?

Charlie—Yes, he sat by me, and of all the scared-looking specimens—Is he a professor?

Polly—You dreamd him, Charlie. But stop fussing about your "specimen" and listen to me. You'v herd me speak of Betty Randolph. Do you feel in a sufficiently pleasant frame of mind to meet her?

Charlie—Come off, Polly, I'm no lady-killer. I can't hand your young frend taffy.

Polly (*offended*)—You needn't then, Charlie Allen. I'm sure I don't want to force my frends upon you.

Charlie (*resignedly*)—Oh, smooth your feelings, Polly, and go get the kid. (*Exit Polly.*)

Charlie (*left alone, sits back in chair and twiddles thumbs. Begins to sing softly and sloly*)—"I feel like hel—ping some poor dam—")

(*Polly* (*coming in*)—Charlie!)

Charlie (*with broad grin*)—sel. Excuse me, Ma'am. Didn't hear you come in.

Polly—Charlie, do keep quiet for a minute and meet Betty.

Charlie (*turning, sees Betty, and an expression of mingld horror and astonishment crosses her face as he seizes her hand, shakes it like a pump handle and starts off glibly*)—Glad to meet you. Your face is awfully familiar. Havn't I seen you somewhere before?

Betty (*beginning to look amused*)—Perhaps so.

Charlie—Havn't you a brother who was mixed up in your play tonight?

(*Polly bursts into a wild giggle.*)

Betty (*confusedly*)—I hav a brother in the play?

Mrs. Washburn (*at door*)—Pardon me, girls, but somebody wants Polly at the 'phone.

Polly (*jumps up excitedly*)—It must be Don. You wil excuse me, won't you?

Charlie (*to Betty*)—I guess we can excuse her for awhile. But, Miss Randolph, I can almost feel mystery in the air.

What *wer* you and Polly giggling about? Isn't my hair parted straight? Doesn't my necktie match my suit?

Betty (*almost speechless with lafter*)—You'r all right. There is nothing at all the matter with you.

Charlie (*as Betty continues to laf*)—Wel, what in the mischief! (*Stares at her intently—a light suddenly breaks on his face*)—Miss Betty, *wer* you in that play?

Betty—I was.

Charlie—Did you take the part of—

Betty—The man? Yes, Mr. Allen, and you—

Charlie—Wel, I'm the most hopeless blockhed on earth. And was it really you that I dragged around?

Betty (*demurely*)—It was.

Charlie—Wel, I gues it's time I was going. Don't suppose you want to talk to me after that?

Betty—Why not, Mr. Allen? How *wer* you to kno?

Charlie—(*dazedly*)—And you *arn't* mad?

Betty—Surely not.

Charlie—Wel, if I may be allowd to express my humble opinion, you *ar* the best sport I ever met.

Betty—That's good of you. The experience was new and interesting, to say the least.

Charlie—Wel, I should say. Why didn't you tel me?

Betty—Truly I tried to, but who could get away from your iron grasp? (*Rubs her wrist.*)

Charlie (*starts up anxiously and Betty rises to meet him*) Did I hurt you?

Betty—No indeed, but I masht my own finger in the door.

Charlie (*taking her hand*)—Did it hurt you very much? Let me see.

Mrs. Washburn—Pardon me, but it's time for the gentleman to leave.

Charlie—Yes'm. Miss Betty, may I come down next Friday and see how that finger is?

Betty (*as they shake hands*)—I guess so. (*Enter Polly.*)

Polly—Sorry I had to be away so long, but Don, you kno, always does talk a long time. Have you all got acquainted?

(*Betty looks at Charlie and Charlie looks at Betty, and Polly needs no anser.*) *Curtain.*

—Lucy Strother, '12, and Mary Ware Weiser, '13

Her Ideal

Mary A. Holt, '12

THE FINAL BALL was at its height, when the Honorable William Jones wandered outside the hall to escape his attentiv frends and to enjoy a smoke. Being the speaker of the evening at the banquet and a lawyer of renown, he was paying the penalty of fame—popularity. Standing unobservd in one of the many shadows, he watcht the couples walking up and down for a bit of cool air. Soon he was attracted by a girl's voice saying, "Here, take your pin, Dick, you ar too unreasonable." Then as the light from the door fel on the young fello's face, the lawyer notist it was flusht, and he seemd pleading earnestly. Just then, however, an eager partner came up for the girl and she went off without a backward glance.

"Takes it hard," Jones thought as the boy left, and leand despondently against the door. "Lovers' quarrel," he said half aloud, and throing away his cigaret, returnd to the hall. A few moments later the same man, hat in hand, rusht by Jones and some others, and out of the door.

"Wonder what's wrong with Carlos," some one said. "Seems in a hurry. Nice fello, but hot-heded. Mighty pretty girl he has up here."

"Is that Richard Carlos?" interrupted the lawyer, peering out of the door. And leaving his astonisht frends, he folloed the hurrying figure.

There could be but one meaning to Richard Carlos' flight. The girl had broken their engagement or had in some way hurt him, and there was no teling what the hot-heded boy might do. Jones reacht the street in time to see far ahed the boy's figure almost on a run, heding for the lower end of the city. There could be but two destinations, the reservoir for self destruction, or worse—for soul destruction.

"God in heaven," he prayed, "let me not be too late."

Then he saw Carlos turn into a side street—'twas not the reservoir then! The lawyer reacht the boy's side as he was about to enter a brilliantly lighted doorway. "Carlos," he panted, "boy, where ar you going?"

"To hel if I choose!" retorted the boy, stepping toward the door.

But Jones, stepping in front of him, placed a hand on his shoulder. "Come," he said, "I have a most important message for you. Tho tonight is the first time we've met I have known you all of your life. This message has been waiting—come walk to the lake with me and listen awhile."

"Let me go," said Carlos with an oath. "What concern is it of yours if I go to the devil? *She* doesn't care! What do I care for any message? Let me go!"

Not discouraged, Jones stil barred the way and pleaded. "I saw what happend. You ar sick to the very soul; but there is no cure here. Pul yourself together; be a man; give me—my message—a chance first." And linking his arm thro the boy's, he dru him, resisting a little, out of the brilliant light. Then strangely the boy allowd himself to be led silently out of the city on towards the lake.

The night was one of unusual beauty. The moon, slightly over toward the west, was beaming brightly on the silver waters of the lake, and the trees around cast alluring shadows; while all around, the mountains rose majestic and beautiful. The boy thru himself face downward on the ground and lay stil while the older man seated himself with a hand on the boy's rumpld hair, keenly alive to the beauties all around him.

"Boy, I could not see you fall in this hour of bitterness—, the seeming coldness of love. I have known of you all these twenty years and to make you strong now and ever hereafter I am going to reveal the secret of my life—a tragedy—the cause of which has made me what I now am." Here the man paused, lit a cigaret and the boy turnd over to look up in the face of his companion.

"Thirty-two years ago I enterd this University," said the lawyer. "My father and my father's father had been lawyers from here and I felt the call of the courts. My

family spent the summer before I came at our home in the Blue Ridge. From time to time we had many guests. Once a dear friend of mother's came and with her, her daughter.

"One night all except we two were dancing. This girl and I sat out on the lawn together. She was not well and did not care to dance. Never before or since have I seen such a night. Millions of stars shone out brightly, now and then a mocking bird broke the stillness with wonderful music and the mountains around seemed so close as to embrace us—and she was so lovely, gazing straight ahead with eyes brightly shining. At supper the conversation had drifted to ideals. Her silence had been noticeable. Something made me want to know of her ideal. So lying at her feet and looking up into her eyes, I asked jocularly, 'Tell me, please, has your ideal light hair or dark, brown eyes or blue? You did not describe him at supper.'

"She looked down into my laughing face and replied with a lovely smile, 'My ideal is not made of hair and eyes. Ideals are woven in dreams. The threads of tenderness, truth, love, honor and all virtues go to make the whole. If you want to know what virtues are woven in mine, really, I will tell you.'

"Then I said, 'If you could only know how *much* I want to know.'

"So in a low sweet voice she told me that purity and truth were the two virtues her ideal possessed. 'The man to whom I shall some day give my heart, as God intends, must be pure in heart—and the mind and body will follow. Then he will necessarily be true,' she said. 'A man pure in word, thought and deed—that simply is my ideal, Bill.' " And the man paused as though from the land of memory the voice were truly speaking again.

"Boy, then and there I realized what love is. She was the One Woman for me, and I wanted to take her in my arms and tell her so. But she was my senior by a few years. I was afraid she considered me an infant. I was just out of high school and had no position in the world. And how did I know yet whether I would grow up a pure man?

Panic-stricken I wonderd if she hadn't met him alre dy, and I askt if she had. Musingly she answerd, 'I don't kno.' Then I registerd an oath with God that some day I would go to her and offer myself as a mighty effort to be Her Ideal.

"We wer together a great deal and the night after she left I sought consolation in her hammoc, as I termd it. My mother found me there, hed on my arms, and said, 'My boy, you ar yung for such experience. Life holds much for you. God grant you may hav the One Woman when you ar redy for her.' My mother always understood.

"The first year at college was the hardest. You kno what a hard time a fello has fighting against the many foes. Many times I was nearly down and then Her Ideal would call to me and hold me up. Six years I came here, and saw her perhaps a dozen times in those years. Once we wer together in a house party for a week—the happiest of my life, I think. She was so wonderful, so kind. A thousand times my hart said 'Speak,' but I was stil afraid.

"She came to see me get my degree, but had to leav that afternoon. While at the station she said in sweet seriousness, 'Bill, you are a wonderful man with a wonderful record. Go out into the world now and sho others how to be as pure and true—and may a woman's love some day make you supremely happy.' I worshi pt her then—I stood dumb before her praise. Then she left me.

"That summer I workt hard with the one aim to ask her to be my wife when I was able to make a home for her. In the fall father was very ill just as an important case came up. I handled it, and vowd that if I won then I would go to the girl at once. Each night as I workt I placed a little kodak picture, the only one I had or ever had had, in front of me, and each day it lay close to my hart. I won. My father was so happy and proud—and my mother. I wired the Girl and follod on the next train."

Here the man paused, walkt to the edge of the lake, thru in a half-smoked cigaret and returnd to his place beside the now thoroly interested listener, resuming his narrativ.

"It was in November. As soon as we wer alone in front of the beautiful open fire, I told her all. She tried to stop me, but could not. All those hours of want and waiting

drove me on. Then, when my ears themselves wer deafend by the very pounding of my hart, I stopt amid a silence you could feel, and, afraid to read my answer, I would not look in her face.

"Then it was I felt a ring on the hand I held. I lookt and the beautiful stone shone in a million lights. My eyes found hers and I knew she belongd to another! Tears wer in her eyes. Her very soul cried out in sympathy." The man paused and the boy impulsivly reacht for and claspt his hand.

"And your message to me is that you kept straight in spite of that?" he whisperm hoarsely.

"Yes," anserd the lawyer, "and as sure as there is a God in heven I wil be pure and tru forever so that in the great Hereafter my soul may meet hers unashamed." A long silence fel, and óver in the city a clock chimed the hour of two.

"Boy," continued Jones, "I was as one insane. I was more insane than you wer tonight. She began to speak—I could not hear. I crusht the hand with the ring until something warm ran on my fingers. That brought to me my senses. I had hurt Her. My eyes pleaded forgiveness and with my lips I wiped away the blood. Then I arose to go, laying the hand very, very gently back in her lap. She halted me and tried to plead her unworthiness. Most of her words fel unheeded, but when she said fate had willd it so that some day I would love a worthy woman, I lookt at her. And she must have known then I could never love another; for tears began to fall from those kind, kind eyes. So hastily bending over her and brushing her hair with my lips, I rusht out.

"I met him on the porch. We had never met before and never since. But gazing on his countenance in all my wild despair I recognized he was surely Her Ideal. Then I bowd my hed and was soon far away in the darkness!

"For a year I could not become resignd. Work did not help, nor did travel. Not a word past my lips of it, but my mother understood. She saved my reason—she kept me as Her Ideal."

In the hush that followed a mocking bird from the wood began singing a song of loveliness. Both man and boy listened until the music ceased.

"Man," said the boy with intense yearning in his voice, "you have saved me this time, and could I have such a one as you loved before me always there would be but one road for me too—the one leading to her standard."

"My Boy," said the lawyer, twenty-four years ago today that girl married, and twenty-four years ago today your mother married. It was to save the son of the woman I love that I have opened my heart to you—have bared my secret suffering."

"The Girl—my mother," breathed the boy, as a soul breathes a prayer for pardon.

"The man put his arm around Her son's shoulder and together they walked slowly back toward the city—comrades now on the road of purity and truth. The angel of ideals looked down and seeing the soul of the boy purer than ever before, chimed the bells of heaven for joy. Far away in another city, asleep in the arms of the man she loved, the girl and mother lay dreaming; and as the music floated in her vision the dreamer smiled.

The Day We Start Home

Mary Ware Weiser, '13

THE SUNSHINE falls on Farmville walls,
And wakes the girls on every story;
And as before, from door to door
The rising gong awakes to glory.
Ring, gong, ring, and welcome to thy warning;
Ring, gong, ring, for we start home this morning.

Oh, hark, oh hear, how thin and clear;
And thinner, clearer, louder growing,
How sweet and far, from car to car
The whistle on the home train bloing!
Blo, whistle, blo, the sound is ever nearing;
Blo, whistle, blo, the sound we'r wildly cheering.

Her Star

Florence Boston, '13

THRU the open windo the moonlight fel softly on her auburn hair, on her ful white arms and her hands claspt tightly in her lap. The little stars peept timidly in as if to see why it was so quiet and lonely here in the big old house, while everywhere else there was the laffing gaiety of the happy summertime. She was not a beautiful woman, but in her eyes there was a look of trust, of love, and purity which *he* had seen and had loved. She was thinking of him—of a summertime like this one long ago.

Then her thoughts went back to the time when she was a little golden-haired girl sitting in her mother's lap and together they had gazed up at the stars. It was the night after father had left them alone and gone up there to wait for them. Mother's eyes had been dreaming that night and the bright stars shone on the tear-drops that fild them. And then she had crusht her little girl to her brest as she whisperd: "My little one, may you hav the happiness I hav had!"

Suddenly one star began to gro larger. It gru and gru until it surpast all the rest and its brilliant rays seemd to fall only on the little girl's golden curls. "Your star, my little one," the mother had breathed. And then, as they watcht together another star appeard not far from the first. Nearer and nearer together came the stars until at last the two blended and wer one.

All thru her girlhood the star, as her guardian and protector, went with her. Her hopes and fears she told to it, and, there, one night, another gift had been given her—the most precious gift woman can receive from man—his love.

With hed bowd she thought of her wondrusly beautiful gifts—her star, their love.

Years past. She stood again before the windo, her

superb figure outlined by white, shimmering satin. A bridal veil fell from her hair and floated around her like a misty cloud. Her star was unusually brilliant as was another close by. This was his star. As she gazed happily at the two, they drew further apart, his and her stars, until finally his star disappeared, leaving only hers—alone. Her face paled; she swayed.

An hour later someone came to bring the news of the wrecking of the ship which bore the man who was to have been her husband and said that all were lost. They found her as she had fallen, her veil torn from top to bottom.

Slowly she opened her eyes.

"Oh, Father," she breathed, "help me to bear this burden."

After this the years past in rapid succession, showing her in the slums making life happy for others, forgetful of self and bright and cheerful for her mother; then came another summer when there was no one to be bright and sunshiny for except herself.

On that day when she had found herself alone, she had gazed long at the stars and not far from her own a star had appeared two, close together, which seemed to beam down upon her upturned face in a quiet benediction of parental love. As she looked at them the loneliness crept out of her soul. Her spirit felt the nearness, the loving watchfulness of her loved ones, and she was at peace.

"Perhaps, perhaps, he has not been." She could not utter that last awful word.

"It is impossible that he could have been saved," she told herself. "Everyone, everyone, the papers said, had been lost."

Nevertheless the idea that he was still living persisted. As the days passed the idea grew and with the joy of believing in her heart that he was alive came other thoughts. Granted he was numbered among the living, why this awful silence worse than the grave? why no letter? why? why? why? As the questions grew more puzzling, every day there also grew the certainty that they were justifiable, that he was alive. She believed that in a love like his and hers so deep, so true, so beautiful, that there was, there must be an invisible

bond, and that as their love had become a very part of their being so she must know if a part of her life had died. No! No! Her whole being shouted "No." He was alive and if she trusted, some day, sometime, her own would return.

Tonight, worn out with the duties of the day, she had let her thoughts float out upon Memory's Sea and spent the quiet summer evening with the Past.

Moving her chair to the bared window she looked into the dark night sky for her three guardian stars. As her eyes rested tenderly upon them lo! there seemed to appear near them, standing out with what seemed to her almost phenomenal brilliancy, another star. A great fear seized her; then a hope, so wonderful that even the thoughts almost overpowered her. *He was coming home, coming home to her.*

She fell on her knees. Her head bowed as the vision of the two stars—hers and his—came nearer and nearer. The other two stars hovered near as if they too would fain join in the happiness that was thus portrayed. Then slowly the vision grew. The stars blended into one and shone as that other had shone so long ago.

The strain was too much for her. She fell back into a crumpled heap, her face showing pale in the moon-light.

Was the vision symbolic of their coming happiness? What did it all mean?

At the door of her home the figure of a man could be seen in the glimmer from the street light. Altho the light was dim the powerful physique and strength of body could be seen. Was this man the answer of the vision of the stars?

Six years ago he had been picked up by a passing ship from a tiny rowboat apparently more dead than alive. When he finally recovered from a long attack of one of the most malignant of fevers his memory of the past was completely gone.

In vain did he strive with all the power of his being to recover in some possible way his remembrance. Sometime a certain sound or action made the blood leap through his body and his mind would respond and then—all dark-

ness again. It was as if he wer on the brink of an abyss. Beyond he saw stretcht the fields of his past and with but a single bound he might leap across and recover it. But always there was something holding him, dragging him back and he was forced to remain in forgetfulness of all that had gon before. Yet he felt that at some time, at some unexpected moment, he would be able to understand and know what was his past.

So toward that end was his face ever turnd. He bent his energies, the energies of a strong and powerful man, to the task of making a living and such a living that when his memory should be restored he would be prepared to take up his life as it had been left.

One day the expected, the long-wisht-for, happend. It was only a sentence coupled with certain gestures and certain intonations of the voice and the chasm which separated him from his past was leaped.

The vision of soft brown eyes ful of trust and love was the first thought. And the next was to get to the owner of those eyes into which he had lookt so long and so often in the happy past.

Tho many fears and douts came, yet the memory of the love in those brown eyes made him cling to the belief that if she wer alive she had remained tru to him and to his memory.

Thus it was that he was standing at the door of her home on this night.

The door-bel rang and the sound ecoed and re-ecoed thru the silent house. Again the bel peald out and finally the door was opend by a sleepy servant. Asking for the mistress of the house and being told she was in the upstairs sitting-room, he bounded up the steps and nockd on the familiar door. There was no anser. Pushing the door open he saw in the dim light the figure of a woman upon the floor, her face upturnd so that the faint light of the stars drest it in death-like paleness.

The pent-up longing and love of the past six years swept over his being. His very soul cried out in agony. Great drops of sweat stood on his brow.

With one bound he reacht her. Stooping, and with a tenderness almost impossible to believe in one so large and strong, he gatherd her into his arms.

Her eyelids flutterd and then sloly open. The look of fright changed to a look of wonder and that in turn to a look of comprehensiv joy, a joy that was wonderful and beautiful after so many years of pain.

As their lips met two stars as one shone down upon the bowd heds.

A Scrool Song

(Tune: *Where the Flag is Full of Stars.*)

Margaret Shaw, '13

1. 'Tis fine to go to colleges, fair Harvard and old Yale,
And all the universities, whose colors proudly sail;
But as for us, we'l cheer again for her we love the best,
For blu and white we'l always fight—for dear old
S. N. S.

Chorus

We'l giv three cheers, we'l give three cheers,
'Tis S. N. S. for me.

I want to be and want to stay; it is the place for me;
Where the days ar ful of sunlight and the nights ar
ful of stars,
You'l never find its equal tho you travel 'way to Mars.

2. Just search from sunny 'Frisco acros the seas to Spain,
You'l never find her equal 'til you come back home
again.
We come from old Virginia, and happy maids ar we,
We love our scrool for what she is and what we hope
she'l be.

Chorus

The Two Flatirons

Ira McAlpin, '13

"**A**ND GIRLS, what do you suppose she had in in the very bottom of her trunk?"

"Giv up," exclaimed one of the group about Martha West who had been sent to the stranger's room with a message a few moments before.

It is never a joy to be a late arrival at a boarding-school. The girl under discussion had entered a week after the beginning of the spring term.

"Wel?" urged Bertha Mason, "what did she hav in the bottom of her trunk?"

"Flatirons, two flatirons."

"Flatirons?"

"Yes, flatirons."

"What for?"

"Draw your own conclusions."

One week past, two weeks, and Elizabeth Sherman remained a stranger. Do what she would to win the least place among the girls, her efforts met with failure. They left her to her own devices as strictly as if she wer of another race and spoke an unknown tongue.

In vain Elizabeth sought the reason. She was not pretty, her mirror told her that, but the home folks loved her; at least there was nothing disagreeable in her face, and her hair wasn't red. Possibly it was her wardrobe, or the lack of it. Yet, thanks to Aunt Katherine, who was the village dressmaker, Elizabeth knew that her few gowns fitted wel and wer in good taste. She knew, too, that she never was seen in a soild shirtwaist, thanks to two flatirons and an alcohol stove. Exquisite daintiness would hav been beyond Elizabeth's financial ability but for the flatirons. Not that she ever flaunted them in public view; not that she hadn't flusht to the roots of her hair when the girls had suggested, in her presence, that it seemd to them they smeld soapsuds.

The teachers liked Elizabeth; she had explained to them that she had entered the spring term particularly to take the course in botany. To do this, she was first obliged to pass entrance examinations, which she did with credit.

One morning Elizabeth learned in what she had offended. The night before, after the retiring bell, she heard suppressed giggling in the hall and felt a pang of homesickness that she was left out of all the fun. She wondered why she could not join the other happy girls.

She fell asleep that night with her puzzle unsolved. Her first thought on awakening was of her loneliness among so many jolly girls. More than once Elizabeth had made friendly advances only to be rebuffed by icy politeness. She was still wondering what was wrong when the breakfast bell rang. Crossing the room she opened her door and stood for one horrified moment on the threshold. On the door was pinned a large placard with the inscription, "Chinese Laundry." The lettering was done in gold paint, and the placard decorated with appropriate sketches in water colors. Elizabeth observed every detail.

It could never have been the work of one girl. In a lower corner was a picture of a steaming washtub; a figure, strangely resembling her own, was bending over a washboard, apparently rubbing as if final examination in botany depended upon how vigorously the work was done. Below the tub, in fine script was the word, "Before." Instinctively Elizabeth turned to the picture in the opposite corner; this was a sketch of a trim figure in freshly starched raiment, including hat and parasol, walking down the seminary drive. Below this sketch was the word, "After."

It required but a moment to take in the significance, snatch the sign from its place and close the door.

So it was the flatirons! Elizabeth sank upon the floor and cried as she hadn't cried since her brother Tom sent her howling kittens afloat on the pond aboard a plank. Tom had waded out after the kittens; but nothing could ever atone for that placard. Suddenly Elizabeth recalled the merriment among the group of girls the night before

when one of them had exclaimed, "Wel, Martha West, if you could think up such a scheme, I dare you to do it."

It was Martha who found Elizabeth weeping on the floor. She had been sent in to inquire why the young lady failed to appear at breakfast time. Receiving no reply to her knock she had opened the door and walked in.

"You may say that I am ill, if you please," an unsteady voice replied to Martha's shocked inquiry. "And"—the words were accompanied by choking sobs—"evidently Martha West, it is necessary for me to explain that I do not run a *Chinese Laundry* for exercise. I have younger sisters at home to be educated, and we are obliged to economize. My *forte* is saving laundry bills for all of us when I am at home. I—I only came here this spring because I want to teach this summer, and so had to know botany and a few other subjects I didn't get in a district school. We couldn't really afford my board and tuition. I—I hope, you are satisfied."

By this time Martha West was in tears, vainly imploring forgiveness, a virtue that had no room just then in Elizabeth's bitter heart.

For several days the girl who owned and made use of two flatirons in a school where flatirons were not an "open sesame"—for several days this girl was in bed, complaining of headache. After that she studied with most unusual zeal and resisted Martha's every friendly conscience-stricken advance; nor would she see that girls who ignored her for so long were doing their best to win her favor.

Elizabeth was never so unhappy in her life as during the weeks that followed. She would not forgive Martha West, although it was hard not to do so with every passing day.

At last commencement week arrived with all its bustle and excitement. Martha was one of the graduating class, but none of her family could be present.

"I should think, tho," one of the girls said, "that your graduating dress would be some consolation; it's the loveliest thing—white batiste, all lace and frills."

"The consolation," declared Martha, "is that I leave for home an hour after I receive my diploma. I am going to pack my trunk and send it away the night before."

Martha's trunk went, even as she had planned, the afternoon before commencement day. The lovely white dress was spread upon the bed that evening to be shown to all admirers, when in some way—no one ever understood exactly how it happened—a box of warm, sticky chocolates was overturned upon it and smashed.

Martha was in despair when Elizabeth Sherman came to her rescue.

"Martha West," she said, putting both arms around the weeping girl, "if you will let me do up that dress for you, I'll forgive you."

"Oh, could you do it?" cried Martha. "It is too late to send it to any laundry. Could you do it?"

"I am an expert," was Elizabeth's assurance, as she left from sheer happiness.

So the flatirons had their day. Martha and her friends watched Elizabeth restore the ruined dress to its former beauty, and their hearts grew happy in her happiness.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ **Sketches** ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

TEDDY'S MOTHER

(A Sketch from Life)

So this was Davy's home. Miss Mays stopt in front of a dingy little house in a dingy street. There was a queer catch in her throat as she remembered that she has sometimes been impatient with Davy because he couldn't learn as rapidly as the others. If she had known, she wouldn't have expected a bright and healthy mind to grow in such surroundings. But "how could people live—but then, they got used to it," she thought. She had never understood this class of people anyway—Davy's class—but Davy had been absent from school and she wanted to know why, so she had to come down among them to see if he were sick. "That street is one of the worst in the city," her friends remonstratingly had told her, "If he is sick he will be back all right again. That kind always do," but the little primary teacher would not be satisfied. Davy was one of her pupils and she must look after him. She had explained to her friends that Davy was very, very poor and that it might be that he needed a doctor. "Well," they had answered, "if he should die there would be just one less for his parents to take care of. Death comes only as one more hardship to bear, and they become so hardened that they don't mind it as we do."

Was it true? Did the people of Davy's class look on the death of one of their children with the thought that there was one less to feed? Probably so, but she didn't want Davy to die. She liked Davy.

Miss Mays knocked on the shabby, unpainted door and Davy's mother opened it. No, Davy was not sick, but he had found work—selling newspapers—and had to stop

scool. Wouldn't she come in? Miss Mays hesitated and then stept inside. Everything around her showd evidence of extreme poverty, but Davy's mother seemd cheerful and happy in her poor, humble home.

After she had told the teacher about Davy—how good he was and what a help he was to her—she began to tel of one of Davy's playmates, Teddy Norton, who had been crusht under the wheels of a passing street car. Miss Mays had herd of the child's deth, but she had not thought very much about it as Teddy was not in her section of First Graders, so she listend attentivly to the particulars of the tragedy. As they talkt the door opend and one of the neighbors came in—a tall, thin, haggard-looking woman—and after a word of greeting to the two women she joind the conversation.

"This is Davy's teacher," said Davy's mother, "and I've jus' bin tellin' her about Teddy."

"Did you kno Teddy?" the neighbor askt, and Miss Mays thought she herd a slight trembling in her voice.

"I knew of him," replied Miss Mays, "but he was in Miss White's section of First Graders. Wasn't it awful about his deth? Do you suppose his father will sue the company?"

"No, his father's ded too," anserd the woman.

"Ar there other children," askt Miss Mays, with quick sympathy.

"No, there ar no others," was the reply, and the voice was very lo.

"Oh," Miss Mays felt the tears fil her eyes as she thought of the lonely home, but with quick relief came the thought of what her frends had told her, "They don't mind deth as we do," and she was glad for the sake of the child's mother.

"Did you kno Teddy's mother?" she askt softly.

Davy's mother started to speak; but, insted, she went over and put her arms around the tall, thin woman.

A look of anguish and dumb despair left the neighbor woman's face drawn and haggard, and she needed the sup-

porting arm of Davy's mother as she answered, "Yes, Teddy was my little boy."

And Miss Mays then knew that *her* clas and Davy's clas wer one and the same.

"58"

Old number 58! How much we owed to its inmates, we of Infirmary Hall and Lacky Alley. You, who livd in the more stylish White House, probably do not kno about this, so we shal tel you. Do you remember those stairs that led to Lacky Alley, where every new girl looking for Infirmary Hall invariably got lost? Wel! there was "58" right around the corner!

In the daytime we crept to the door and wonderd if these girls would let us pas thru *just once* more. We didn't see how they possibly could, but upon opening the door, we either found a welcoming smile which ment "you may," or someone from behind the dresser yeld out, "yes, you may go thro" even before we had askt. They just seemd to kno what we wanted.

Now, do you girls kno what we ar talking about? Old "58" was our short cut to the third floor Infirmary Hall. Ask Grace or Alice if it didn't save time. And at night it was the one hope of getting home before light bel! Many a time hav we run thru "58" in the dark (for its inmates wer *so* punctual about lights being off), fallen over chairs and thru the cracks in that passage way, and slid into our rooms just as we herd a faint footstep on the stairway. But we got there just the same, and it was old "58" that saved us!

We wer always invited to "set a spel" when passing thru and tho we "never had time" or "had to study," we often found ourselves sitting down, and even telling B—— the story of the little "Pig Brother."

You would think they would hav begun charging toll, wouldn't you? But prehaps it didn't occur to them. There was a little tablet and pencil that hung on the inside and "whosoever passeth thru" must sign her name.

You wer apt to find *nom de plumes* from "Mercedes Lovelock" to "Happy Hooligan," but this was all the toll, girls, so no one objected.

—A. M. H.

(Editor's Note—"58" was a bed-room where now we find the passageway between the third floor main bilding and Infirmary Hall.)

THE PRINCE SPEAKS

"Yes, we come from London, me an' Halbert," said the elder of the brothers. "Me" wore a moustache and playd a violin. By trade they wer both bricklayers.

The first evening they wer at *The Star*. "Me" monologized at dinner til the most delinquent boarder left the basement dining-room, and the landlady's hospitable business-like smile exprest "bored" perceptibly.

This continued daily til one of the fello boarders dubd him "talking machine," and askt the others "What's the use of going to *The Colonial* when we can hav high-clas vaudevil here?"

The night I met "Me" he was discoursing lernedly at dinner on why American meat could be shipt "to the other side" and then be sold cheaper than here where it is raised. "Me" always spoke for both of them. "Me an' Halbert" was his slogan. He insisted that the landlady come and go to the "show" with "Me an' Halbert" more than once.

We waited patiently for Albert to speak. In the meantime we styled him Prince Albert. It came so natural after reding so many signs about Prince Albert smoking tobacco—altho *he* always smoked cigarets. But the Prince raised not his voice. He was good-looking and we wonderd what his voice was like.

It happend this way. The night was hot, all day the city had lain sweltering in the hot glare of the sun. About retiring time a little breeze surprized itself and every one else by gently wafting coolness everywhere. I sat alone on the porch in the dim light to enjoy the coolness of the

night. The Prince came in but halted a little when he saw me. Then he deliberately turnd his back to me and lifted his eyes to the moon. Suddenly he turnd and gallantly opening a paper bag that he carried, past it to me and said, "'Av an h'orange."

The impossible had happend—the Prince had spoken.

"Thank you lots," was all I could say, as I took the orange.

—R. J. M., '14.

A CHAT WITH PORTIA

The rain beat monotonusly on the roofs and pavements. Now and then those who wer obliged to go out hurried by beneath dripping unbrellas. I stood at the windo and lookt out on the scene with a frown on my face.

"What a miserable day! I am so lonesome, I don't kno what to do; if I only had something to read it wouldn't be so bad, but here I am with nothing to read and nobody to talk to."

I sighd and, turning away from the windo, lookt at the roes of books on the shelves.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't alredy red all of those books, so that I could read one of them today for the first time."

And I ran my finger lovingly over the titles of some of them. Here was the "Idylls of the King," and next to it "The Lady of the Lake." How I had enjoyd them both! And oh! here was "The Merchant of Venice," how lovely it would be to spend the afternoon with Portia. I calld her name softly. Immediately, answering the call, she stept forth, tall and graceful in her long, black gown, her soft golden hair piled high on her hed.

I was not in the least surprized, for Portia and I wer good frends and had spent many a quiet hour together. So I dru up a chair close to the fire for her and seating myself on the rug at her feet, I settled myself for a comfortable chat.

"Portia, do you kno it has been a miserable day? It is a dreary old world, anyway, nothing to do but to go to scool, scool, scool."

Portia archt her beautiful eyes in surprize.

"Dreary?" she exclaimd. "How can it be dreary, with

something interesting happening every day, why every minute. I could sit at this windo and never gro tired."

I shook my head impatiently. Of course she could, for everything was new and strange to her, but not to ne.

"But come let us talk about other things," I said. "Tel me, when your father died did you kno which was the right casket?"

I had long wisht to ask her the question.

"No, I did not kno which was the right one," she replied, "and, as I told Merissa, I thought it was hard that I could neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I disliked. I did not think it was right for the wil of a living daughter to be thus curbd by the wil of a ded father."

"But stil you acted according to your father's wishes," I said.

"Yes, Merissa made things appear in a different light. My father was ever virtuous. And holy men, she said, at their deth, hav good inspirations; therefore the lottery that he had devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and led would no dout be chosen by none rightly, but one whom I should rightly love."

"And wer you not afraid when the Prince of Morocco and the Prince of Aragon made their choice?"

Portia smiled at the remembrance.

"I confess my hart trembled when the dark prince began to argu, to himself, which one to choose, and what a gentle riddance I thought it was when he departed, and the Prince of Aragon—"

But Portia did not finish for steps wer herd outside the door and in an instant she was gon.

Constance Rumbough, '14.

PEACE

About Uncle Ned's little log cabin everything had the atmosfere of "after dinner" on a July day. Uncle Ned, his old corn-cob pipe claspt loosely in his hand, dozed in the thick shade of the huge mulberry which shelterd his home. Lazy little Bob, as if wishing to share his master's

comfort, lay curled up at his feet. Nearby two playful black and white kittens gambold in innocent sport as if rivaling each other in agility. They rolld in the high grass awhile, then shot up the mulberry tree, out on the branches, then back and down again to scamper in and out among the roses and shrubs. Butterflies hoverd about the sweet-scented honeysuckle which overran a ded cedar. The bees had found the little patch of pink clover, and wer gathering honey, undisturbd. The fragrant old-fashiond red roses waved gently in the passing breeze. It seemd that the nice loose dirt under the rose bushes had been left there for no one but the old speckld hen and her young brood. They wer enjoying in perfect contentment a vigorous dust-bath.

Tiring of the parcht meadow gras and the hot sunshine, the old gray mule also sought the refreshing shade of the mulberry. Seeing his master so quiet he moved nearer to see what was the matter. Uncle Ned, feeling in his dreams the preesence of a loved comrad, reacht out his hand and strokt the long ears. In token of gratefulness for recognition, old Bill rubd his cold nose against his master's shoulder, and Uncle Ned awoke.

M. M. W., '16.

THE FOCUS

VOL. V FARMVILLE, VA., SEPTEMBER, 1915 NO. 5

Published monthly during the school year by the Students' Association of the State Female Normal School, Farmville, Virginia. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year.

The Focus is published nine times a year at Farmville, Va., by the Students' Association of the State Normal School. There are no stockholders, no bondholders, mortgagees, nor other security holders.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1912.

J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Farmville, Virginia.

Editorial

TO OUR ALUMNAE

Alumnae of S. N. S., we hav dedicated this number of *The Focus* to you. Why? First of all, we hav given this number to you because of what the scool has been to you—because we kno of your gratitude for what it has done for you. Many hav spoken of it—told of the new worth while lives made so out of the old ones that promist apparently nothing; told of youthful ideals made higher, and greater purposes formed and strengthend; told of ties which hav bound their harts forever to the old scool. So it is with all of us, when we ar askt from which scool we came there is no feeling but of pride as we anser, “The Farmville Normal.” We ar proud of her, because we recognize her great mission, and something within us tells us that when Alma Mater sends us forth intrusted with that mission which she has always kept hallowed, we wil not betray the trust. We follo the paths she has pointed out to us—branches upon the main road over which we hav traveld with Alma Mater as guide—leaving her when she could no longer go with us, but with memories of her and her

teachings guiding us still. We follo the paths that she has lighted with her great knoledge; and because she has shown us the way, we too become leaders—guides to others who ar seeking the light; and they, in their turn, until the pathways hav broadened into highways that cover the world.

All this our scool has given us—a light to follo, a mission to fulfil, and, more than all, a life to live—for she has taut us that living is giving.

But, if Alma Mater has given much, she has receivd much. You, who ar folloing her teachings, ar giving back to her the best you hav to giv—yourselves—for her servis. It is thru you that she is becoming known to the world; and it is thru you that the world's becoming known to her.

We wer glad this is Alumnae Year. We wer glad to welcome back any of our old S. N. S. girls—those we knew and those we did not kno. What does it matter whether we had met before or not? We ar sisters, now that we ar all dauters of Alma Mater—and that tie holds strong and tru, because it is the tie of love for our scool. It is strange how one becomes attacht to Farmville, isn't it? Sometimes the lessons get rather hard, and somewhat monotonous, and the call of the great out-doors and of home is very great; but, when the time comes for us to leav something tears our hartstrings. I wonder what it is? Ah, it is that same thing that we hav talkt about so many times before—scool spirit—and when we look deeper, we see that scool spirit means *love*. We ar back to the root of the matter now—why we wer glad for you to come, why you wer glad to come, and why we all weep at leaving; it is love for our scool and love for all those who love our scool.

Perhaps there had been some changes since you wer here, but we would expect that. Anything that stays at a standstil is, of course, unprogressiv, and we hav to be progressiv. You hav gon out into the world, and it has opened up new wonders to your eyes; it has given you new viewpoints, and it has increased you knoledge of life. Our scool wishes to stand as a miniature world, broadening the minds of those who come here, and giving them an

insight into the beauties that they hav not seen because they did not kno they wer there. It tries to prepare us for that greater world into which you hav gone. When we realize that this is what our scool does for us can we wonder that we feel toward it as we do?

It was good to see your faces brighten as you came in sight of the dear old scool and realized you had not been forgotten. Most teachers hav wonderful memories, and I am sure you could count on the Home Department too, especially if you had a propensity toward midnight feasts during your stay here. Then too, Dr. Jarman *never* forgets. So we feel that you went away glad that you had been back to our great family reunion. We want you again and we feel that your scool spirit is going to *make* you come again. That is something you cannot resist.

G. M. W.

TO THE NEW GIRLS

Welcome, new girls! First we welcome you for your own sakes, because we ar glad you ar here, and want to kno you, and secondly we welcome you for the sake of *The Focus*, because we see in you the means whereby the strength of our scool magazine may be renewd and its influence redoubld. In other words, we want you to *rite for The Focus*. Don't be discouraged if your story or essay or poem is not accepted the first time. Make a second or even a third attempt and then—you wil be an author or a poet among your classmates and sure of an "A" on English during your stay at Farmville.

But seriously, let us who hav experienced what you ar going to experience giv you a little advice that wil serv you wel in the future—*rite for The Focus*. Why? Let us whisper a secret. The English teachers ar on our side, and when we run short of material for our magazine you may watch out for an English assignment such as: Rite a short story, taking any subject you please; rite a Thanksgiving poem for Monday; rite an essay on the "Origin of Hallowe'en." It is hard on you, but you must admit that it is hard on us not to hav any material and you won't blame us, I am sure, for getting it any way we can.

So if you can't rite, or can rite and neglect your talent, do it anyway, because you wil hav to in the end.

And then, too, this riting for *The Focus* not only helps us but it helps you. You may win a prize. There ar seven prizes given every year—a *Focus* cup, with the winner's name engraved on it, two *Focus* banners and four pennants. Why not try for one of them? It may as wel be *you* as anyone else. "Hitch your wagon to a star" and try for the cup. If you fall short of that there ar stil the banners and the pennants. Even those who hav written for *The Focus* and received no prizes hav enjoyed it and tried harder the next year.

And now to close with what might wel be taken as our motto, "You need *The Focus*, and *The Focus* needs you," so rite and subscribe.

In Loving Memory of
Our Friend and Schoolmate

Nannie Kathleen Hale

Born
Narrows, Giles County, Virginia

June 7, 1893.

Graduated
State Normal School, Farmville, Virginia

June, 1915.

Died
Narrows, Giles County, Virginia

August 1, 1915,



*"Weep not for her! Death does not take her away
utterly: her memory is the shrine of pleasant thoughts.
She will continue to live in the loving remembrance of all
who knew her."*

Alumniæ

The folloing is a list of the 1915 Clas and where they ar teaching, as far as we kno:

Edith Abbitt.....	Covington
Blanche Adams.....	Smithfield
Lucy Allen.....	Lynchburg
Rosa Allen.....	Surry Court House
Elizabeth Armstrong.....	Henrico County
Alice Baskerville.....	Richmond
Selma Batten.....	
Mary A Bell.....	(Not teaching)
Lula Berger.....	Darlington Heights
Mary Berger.....	Prospect
Elizabeth Bivens.....	Isle of Wight
Elizabeth Boggs.....	Accomac County
Callie Bolton.....	Yorktown
Mildred Booker.....	Roanoke
Elizabeth Barham.....	Sussex
Dorothy Bratten.....	South Norfolk
Louise Brooks.....	Matoaca
Ruby Brooks.....	Round Hill
Lola Bull.....	Norfolk
Julia Campbell.....	Richmond, R. 5
Lucy Campbell.....	Richmond, R. 5
Katherine Campbell.....	
Rosa Caplan.....	Alexandria
Sallie Cassidy.....	Sutherland
Ethel Cheatham.....	Campbell County
Martha Christian.....	Mint Springs
Elsie Cleland.....	
Mary Codd.....	Portsmouth
Margaret Collier.....	Wicomico Church
Olivia Compton.....	Antioch

Grace Corbin.....	Winston-Salem, N. C.
Winifred Cousins.....	Danville
Margaret Coverston.....	Music Supervisor, Danville
Mary Coverston.....	Saltville
Frances Davis.....	Middletown, Del.
Evelyn Dinwiddie.....	Richmond
Zephyr Dunton.....	Norfolk County
Laura Lee Eason.....	Richmond
Blanche Ellett.....	Graham
Jacqueline Epes.....	
Elizabeth Ewald.....	Portsmouth
Roma Garnett.....	
Lemma Garrett.....	Cumberland
Laurice Glass.....	Norfolk
Frances Goldman.....	Henrico County
Lucy Graham.....	Tazewell
Kate Gray.....	
Genevieve Gresham.....	Portsmouth
*Kathleen Hale.....	
Cornelia Hamilton.....	The Plains
Ella Hammock.....	Cartersville
Elizabeth Hancock.....	Tazewell
Susie Hancock.....	Appomattox County
Eunice Harris.....	Richmond
Eugenia Harris.....	
Olive Harris.....	Wakefield
Louise Harvey.....	Charlottesville
Katherine Hill.....	S. N. S., Farmville
Madge Hood.....	Petersburg
Nellie Hood.....	Whaleyville
Lillie Hughes.....	Williamsburg
Nan Hughes.....	Marion
Margaret Jackson.....	Richmond
Elizabeth Jarratt.....	Richmond
Emma Jesser.....	Low Moor
Carey Jeter.....	Brodnax
Harriet Johns.....	Covington
Marion Johnson.....	Elizabeth City County

*Deceased.

Sallie Johnson.....	Morrisville
Fannie Kent.....	Smyth County
Martha Lee.....	Hampton
Ella Lester.....	Groseclose
Christine Mackan.....	Portsmouth
Lelia Mackey.....	
Elfie Meredith.....	Ebony
Elizabeth Messick.....	Lanexa
Jessie Miller.....	Big Island
Louise Miller.....	Welch, W. Va.
Didie Minton.....	Richmond
Mildred Moore.....	Norfolk
Pearle Moore.....	Hampton
Nellie Nance.....	Fairview Heights, Lynchburg
Mary Nanny.....	Chatham
Evelyn Noel.....	Johnson City, Tenn.
Marion Olgiers.....	Sutherland
Eva Orr.....	Yale
Elizabeth Painter.....	Lovettsville
Lenna Painter.....	Max Meadows
Harriet Parrish.....	Bristol
Sallie Perkins.....	Portsmouth
Claiborne Perrow.....	Charlottesville
Anne Carter Preston.....	Abingdon
Julia Price.....	
Louise Pruden.....	
Gay Pugh.....	Drewryville
Katherine Richardson.....	Purcellville
Nannie Ritsch.....	Round Hill
Mary Rumbough.....	Charlottesville
Beulah Scott.....	Portsmouth
Fannie Scott.....	Loudoun County
Janet Smith.....	Port Norfolk
Eunice Snidow.....	Southampton County
Marrietta Souder.....	Covington
Anna Spitler.....	Smyth County
Jessie Spitler.....	Luray
Mabel Spratley.....	Surry
Hazel Terry.....	Monterey

Virginia Thomas.....	Tazewell
Belle Towler.....	(Not teaching)
Martha Throughton.....	Richmond
Gertrude Turnbull.....	Ginter Park, Richmond
Annie Mae Tyus.....	Whaleyville
Ellen Vaughn.....	
Patsy Watkins.....	Cumberland
Josephine Wayts.....	Ashland
Gertude Welker.....	S. N. S., Farmville
Moffett Willard.....	Prince George
Virginia Williams.....	Jarratt
Helen Wimbish.....	Charlottesville
Viola Wingo.....	Norwood
Lucile Wood.....	Hickory
Maggie Zernow.....	

QUERY AND ANSWER

In our club we are studying for this year American Literature of the Nineteenth Century, and I have a paper to write on the New England Immortals of Yesterday. Would you kindly suggest some book in which I could find something, or send me a few points on this subject.

In Page's *The Chief American Poets*, published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, price \$1.75, you will find full selections from Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, and others with an exhaustive list of references beginning on page 635. The book also contains biographical sketches of all the poets included. It seems to me just what you need for your club.

Metcalf's or Long's *History of American Literature* will also be useful. Any library will contain the novels and short stories. Hawthorne and the works of the New England prose masters, the essays of Emerson, Lowell, Thoreau, Holmes, and the orations of Webster.



Ballad Club



The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* for September 27 publishes an article on ballad collecting by Dr. C. Alphonso Smith. It describes a number of ballads which the Virginia Folk Lore Society is anxious to find in the State. The article is reprinted below in the hope that, if any of the students in this school know one or more of these old songs, they will report them to the Ballad Club at once. Of the article the editor of the *Times-Dispatch* says:

QUEST OF THE LOST BALLAD

From Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia, *The Times-Dispatch* prints today an appeal to the people of the State for assistance in recovering some of the lost ballads once current and tenderly esteemed in this part of the world. At least Dr. Smith assumes they must have been sung in the younger days of the Old Dominion and knows that if they were they were loved also.

It is a delightful adventure in which Dr. Smith engages—this quest of the ballads of long syne. He ought to have the helpful assistance of every antiquary and of all in whom appreciation of this quaint species of folk songs yet lingers.

BALLADS OF LONG AGO WANTED NOW

In the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* for April-June, 1915, Dr. Reed Smith, of the University of South Carolina, says: "During 1914 Virginia easily took first place among all the States in the Union in ballad-collecting." It seems probable now that our report for 1915 will be better than our report for 1914. There are ten ballads, however, which the Virginia Folk-Lore Society is very anxious to secure. These ballads have been found in one or more of the Southern States, but not one of them has yet been reported from Virginia. Our list of finds is already much greater than that of any other state, but I feel sure that if a thorough search is made, we shall be able to add at least a few of the ballads which have been reported from other Southern States, but not yet from Virginia. Here is the list:

I. The Elfin Knight (Child No. 2).

This ballad is also known as "The Wind Hath Blown My Plaid Away" and as "The Cambrian Shirt." It has been reported from Mis-

souri and Texas. It is a riddle ballad. The elfin knight asks a series of riddles or imposes certain tasks, all of which are successfully achieved by the maiden.

II. The Three Ravens (Child No. 26).

This ballad has been found in South Carolina and Tennessee and is sometimes called "The Two Corbies" or "The Two Crows." The first stanza runs:

"There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be," or
"As I was walking all alone,
I heard two corbies making a moan;
The one unto the other did say,
"Where shall we go and dine today?"

III. Young Hunting (Child No. 68).

This ballad has been found in Georgia and Kentucky, and is sometimes called "Loving Henry" or "Sweet William and Fair Ellender." The first stanza is spoken by the lover:

"O lady, rock never your young son,
One hour longer for me,
For I have a sweetheart in Garlick's Wells
I love thrice better than thee."

Of course the names in any ballad may be entirely changed, but the story in this case is of a woman who kills her false lover and is betrayed by a tell-tale parrot.

IV. The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington (Child No. 105).

This famous ballad is current in Georgia and Kentucky and bears the additional title of "True Love Required."

"There was a youth, and a well beloved youth,
And he was an esquire's son;
He loved the baliff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington."

V. Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne (Child No. 118).

No complete version of this ballad has yet been found in England or America, but a fragmentary version is reported from North Carolina. Till this fragment was announced, Virginia was the only State from which a Robin Hood ballad had been reported. It is needless to say that the finding of this ballad or even a small part of it in Virginia would be an epoch in the life of our Folk-Lore Society. In the story Robin kills Guy of Gisborne in single combat, and takes the dead man's clothes, bow, arrows, and horn. Interesting complications follow.

VI. Dick o' the Cow (Child No. 185).

This ballad had been found in Missouri. Johnny Armstrong steals Dicks' three cows. Dick retaliates gloriously.

VII. Geordie (Child No. 209).

This ballad, which has been found in Missouri, is also known as "Georgia" and the "The Laird of Gigh." Geordie is condemned to

death, but his wife raises five thousand pounds (or ten thousand crowns), has an interview with the King, and secures her husband's liberation.

VIII. Henry Martin (Child No. 250).

This ballad is known as "Andrew Bartin" and as "Andy Bardan." It has been found in South Carolina. The first stanza is:

"In merry Scotland, in merry Scotland
There lived brothers three;
They all did cast lots which of them should go
A-robbing upon the salt seas."

The lot falls to Henry Martin. He sinks the first vessel that he meets. In one version he is killed, in another he escapes.

IX. The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin (Child No. 277).

This ballad is known as "Dandoo" or "Sweet Robin" or "Robin He's Gone to the Wood." It has been reported from Kentucky and Missouri. The first stanza is:

"She would not bake, she would not brew,
For spoiling of her comely hue."

Her husband is unwilling to beat her, so he wraps her in a sheep's skin and lambasts the skin. He reports that the result is entirely satisfactory.

X. The Trooper and Maid (Child No. 299).

This ballad is reported from Kentucky and is sometimes called "The Trooper." The maid asks the trooper when they are to be married. He replies:

"When cockle-shells grow silver bells,
When fishes fly and seas go dry,
When apple trees grows in the seas, etc., etc."

Any one of these ballads, or any fragment of them, will be a veritable treasure-trove to the Virginia Folks-Lore Society. Will you not keep this list before you and report to me, as soon as possible? Nothing found in books is wanted. Ballads do not live in books. They live from heart to heart, from lip to lip, and from century to century, without the aid of printer's ink.

Miss Jennie Tabb has handed in the folloing version of the second ballad mentiond by Dr. Smith. It is called "The Three Crows" and has been familar to her and to members of the family as far back as they can remember. It may hav been learnd from an old negro mammy who used to sing a great many old songs. Their home was in Amelia County.

THE THREE CROWS

There were three crows sat on a tree,
Billie, Magee, Magaw.
There were three crows sat on a tree,
Billy, Magee, Magaw.
There were three crows sat on a tree,
And there were black as crows could be,
And they all flapped their wings and cried;
Caw, caw, caw,
Billy, Magee, Magaw.

Said one old crow unto his mate,
Billy, Magee, Magaw,
Said one old crow unto his mate,
Billy, Magee, Magaw.
Said one old crow unto his mate,
What for our dinner shall we eat?
And they all flapped their wings and cried:
Caw, Caw, Caw,
Billy, Magee, Magaw.

In yonder field there lies a horse,
Billy, Magee, Magaw,
In yonder field there lies a horse,
Billy, Magee, Magaw.
In yonder field there lies a horse,
And we will dine upon his corse,
And they all flapped their wings and cried:
Caw, caw, caw,
Billy, Magee, Magaw.

We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
Billy, Magee, Magaw,
We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
Billy, Magee, Magaw.
We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
And pluck his eyes out one by one,
And they all flapped their wings and cried:
Caw, caw, caw,
Billy, Magee, Magaw.

Miss Elizabeth Painter, of the Class of 1915, who was teaching in Pulaski County last spring, found and reported

the excellent version of Barbara Allen printed belo. It comes from Pulaski County.

BARBARA ALLEN

Way down, way down,
In Gorden town,
(That's where I got my learning),
I fell in love with a lady like a dove,
Her name was Barbara Allen.

I courted her for seven long years,
She said she would not marry.
Poor Willie went home,
Was taken sick and the very like of dying.

He sent his servant down to town
To the place where she was dwelling,
"My master sent me here today
For the sake of you, Miss Ellen—"

Very slowly she put on her wraps,
Very slowly she went toward him,
And all she said when she got there,
"Young man, I think you are dying."

"I'm low, I'm low, I'm low, I know,
And death on me is dwelling;
No better will I ever be
Till I get you, Miss Ellen."

"You're low, you're low, you're low, I know,
And death on you is dwelling,
No better will you ever be
By getting Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall,
He turned his back upon her,
"Adieu! adieu! to all my friends,
Adieu to you, Miss Ellen!"

She hadn't been gone but an hour and a half
Till she heard the death bell ringing;
She thought she heard her own heart say:
"Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen!"

She turned around and started back;
She spied the corpse a-coming:
"Oh, lay him down! Oh, lay him down!
Oh, let me gaze upon him!"

The more she looked the more she wept
Until she fell to crying,
"Oh take him on! Oh take him on!
My heart has done denied him!

"Oh mother, Oh mother, go dig my grave,
Go dig it long and narrow;
Poor Willie has died for pure, sweet love,
And I must die for sorrow.

"When I die you must bury me in the old church yard,
Bury me beside of Willie."
A briar has sprung from Willie's side,
And a rose from that of Barbara.

They grew and grew to the church yard
Till they could grow no higher,
They linked and tied,
They withered and they died;
They linked and tied in a true love knot.

* * * Here and There * * *

As is usually the case we returned to school to find some unexpected changes in the faculty and home department.

Mr. Garth has accepted a position elsewhere, and his place has been taken by Mr. Grover Somers, a graduate from William and Mary, who has also been a student at Columbia.

Mr. Coyner has returned from his year's leave of absence, which was spent at Columbia.

Miss Murphy has returned and taken charge of her eighth grade again. Miss Pierce, who had charge of it last year, has gone to Columbia this winter.

Miss Mamie Rohr is away on a leave of absence. Her sister, Miss Florence Rohr, has her place as supervisor of the sixth grade.

Miss Carrie Sutherland is also away on a leave of absence, studying at Peabody College. In her place we have Miss Catherine Hill and Miss Gertrude Welker, two of the 1915 graduates from this school. This is quite an honor bestowed on them by their Alma Mater, and we, their old school mates, are justly proud of them.

Miss Pearle Berger, of the home department, was married during the summer; and Miss Esther Ford, a graduate, of the Class of 1914, is here to take her work.

The Junior Class this year is one of the largest ever known, and judging from appearances they are truly "Jolly Juniors." They have elected their officers, who are:

President.....Naomi Duncan
Vice-President.....Lena Somers

Secretary.....	Ethel Emswiler
Tresurer.....	Marion Linton
Reporter.....	Esther Covington

On September 18, the Seniors met and organized the clas with the folloing as officers:

President.....	Louise Chiles
Vice-President.....	Julia Phillips
Secretary.....	Lula Jones
Tresurer.....	Virginia Watkins
Reporter.....	Margaret Byram

The clas soon felt the need of a "big brother," so on the folloing Tuesday night Mr. Raymond V. Long was adopted. He was escorted by the Clas President from a faculty meeting to the auditorium to meet his enthusaistic sisters; and there amid cheers from the girls, and blushes from himself, he somehow managed to heed the demands of "Speech!" "Speech!" and made the Seniors feel proud of such a "big brother."

At the last meeting of the Albemarle Club the folloing officers wer elected for the coming year:

Lucile B. Woodson	President
Margaret Page.....	Vice-President
Mae Cox.....	Tresurer
Sadie Rothwell.....	Recording Secretary
Eunice Smith.....	Corresponding Secretary
Gordon Seamon.....	Reporter

Four members of *The Focus* staf faild to return to scool this fall: Jessie Dugger, the Exchange Editor; Mary Piper and Alma Craddock, Assistant Business Managers; and Mabel Justice, the Assistant News Editor. No one has yet been elected in their places.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ **Hit or Miss** ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPELLED

A stranger in our land was he;
 He tried to learn our spelling,
 He thought it would as easy be
 As buying or as selling.
 He tried to write but could'nt quite
 Learn when to spell it "wright" or "right;"
 He couldn't tell just where he stood
 When using "cood" or "wood" or "shood."
 He had to stand a lot of chaffing
 When cruel people started laffing.
 Then other things confused him so—
 As "doe" and "dough" and "roe" and "row,"
 And "mail" and "male" and "sale" and "sail"
 And many more that turned him "pail."
 Said he, "I left my wife and daughter
 In other lands across the waughter;
 I wanted much to bring them here,
 But they will have to stay, I fere.
 And I must leave you"—with a sigh
 He added, "else I'll surely digh."

Normal Instructor.

WASTED

A man who had never been duck hunting shot a duck in the air.

"Well, you got him!" exclaimed the amateur's friend.

"Yes," said the amateur, "but I might have saved my ammunition. The fall would have killed him."

Teacher—What does the word “celibacy” mean?

Class—The state or condition of being single.

Teacher—Correct. Now if you wanted to express the opposite of celibacy, or singleness, what would you use?

Bright Pupil—“Pleurisy.”

Mother—Johnny, stop using such dreadful language!

Johnny—Well, mother, Shakespeare uses it.

Mother—Then don’t play with Shakespeare. He’s no fit companion for you.

Dr. Mc——, of Princeton, used to give out notices at the morning devotional services, which always closed with a prayer.

One morning he forgot a certain notice until he had begun his last prayer. Praying for the professors and students of the college the notice from the French professor came to his mind, and the assembled students were astonished to hear their president say: “and, O Lord, bless Professor Karge, whose French class will be held this morning at 9 o’clock instead of 9 30, as usual.

He had been fishing and had had bad luck. Meeting an old fisherman who had a good catch he bargained for five of the largest trout he had. “Now” he said, “just stand over there and throw them to me.”

“What for?” said the fisherman.

“So I can tell the boys I caught them. I may be a poor fisherman, but I’m no liar.”

Normal Instructor.

ONE ON SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

“Tim,” inquired Mr. Riley, glancing up over the door of the postoffice, “what is the meaning of the letters, MDCCCXCVIII?”

“They mean eighteen hundred and ninety-eight.”

“Tim, don’t it strike you that they’re carryin’ this spellin reform entirely too far?”

Normal Instructor.

"Teacher!" exclaimed little Tommy, "I hain't got no pencil."

"I have no pencil," came reprovingly from the teacher.

"Hain't you?" sympathized Tommy, "You're in the same fix I be."

Small boy (viewing weather-cock on the roof of a neighbor's barn)—Mama, I wish *we* had a wind rooster.

Alestine—And has Mr. Pryor's church such a small congregation?

Hilda—Yes, indeed. Every time he says "Dearly Beloved" you feel as if you had received a proposal.

Normal Instructor.

"So he praised her singing, did he?"

"Yes, said it was heavenly."

"Did he really say that?"

"Well, not exactly, but he probably meant that. He said it was unearthly."

PURE ENGLISH

"How do you spell 'ham'?"

"Which 'am?' The 'am' we eat or the 'am' we are?"

Normal Instructor.

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With the stories and the rhymes?

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And the merchants' latest fads?

Just to keep up with the facts
That ar happening at our backs?

Just to pay that extra cash,
So it won't be spent on trash?

Just to read the stories? Never!
Our text-books ar more clever.

Who wil fal down thro his collar
When we suggest that big round dollar?

We take "The Focus," isn't it strange?
For our dollar in exchange.

Hocus, pocus, dominocus,
That is why we take "The Focus."

—*Fannie Wilson.*

(Reprinted from an old issue of *The Focus*.)

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